

C.4/C.76

COFFEE TAVERNS CO. LD.  
PROPRIETORS.

The Melbourne Coffee Tavern.

89 BOURKE STREET EAST.

Melbourne 23<sup>rd</sup> April 1883

My dear George, I was sorry you didn't turn up at the Wharf when I went away, but I suppose you were engaged. I have written to Padre and Willie and I presume you know about these letters. This letter takes up the story of my wanderings from the point I left at in the letter to Willie. After I wrote him (in the afternoon of the 18<sup>th</sup>) I met Gill and went through Victorian and Eastern Arcades with him and Eastern Market, and inspected the Hinders Lane Warehouses. I went home with him to his house at Prahran and after tea went with Theo & into High St Prahran the back street of the suburb - the following day. I took bus to Albert Park and found Mr Clarke to whom I had a letter of introduction from his daughter Mrs Goddard. He is a fine breezy old fellow and I found in conversation afterwards with him he was intimate with Staunton the chessplayer - Introductions to the daughters followed - Clara, Blanche and Grace (there's another one I think, Clara who is something like Mrs I in appearance) took me over the Emerald Hill Mechanics Institute. She is very nice father's manners, in feminine evolution, and big beech eyes. They made me stay to dinner

after dinner the two very kindly took me  
round the principal streets of the suburb  
and through Albert Park to East St.  
Kilda. In doing this he killed two birds  
with one stone as he visited his  
patients at the same time. In Bay St  
Kilda we nearly made a case for  
a "browner's quest", a boy about 6 or 7  
years old foolishly ran right into the  
horse and got mixed up with horse legs  
and near buggy wheel. The wheel missed  
his head by a shaving, and he got off  
apparently with a few bruises. The weather  
was delightful and the drive very enjoyable.  
In consequence of the two watch being about  
 $3/4$  of an hour slow. I didn't get into  
town till nearly six o'clock and in  
consequence missed an appointment with  
Burns the Chessplayer, who had arranged  
to meet me at his office Collins St. at  
5 to go to his residence at Hawthorn.  
This is a bright commencement with him  
isn't it? In consequence of this fiasco I  
went to the Royal to see the interior.  
There was a fair attendance. The piece  
represented was a wretched mass of rubbish  
called "Mankind" but the scenery was  
very striking and managed with wonderful  
skillful - the thing is a succession of tableaux  
as Willie calls 'em. Dampier Bland Holt Herbert  
Stanning and Blanche Stammers played in it.  
The papers here complain of the sensational rot  
which has deluged the place for a good time  
past, but better things are at hand.

Invoiced two peculiar modes of advertising  
to-day at the Tavern - A tailoring firm  
had their cards stuck in the panels of  
the chamber of the hydraulic lift -  
and another firm had their impressed  
with red ink on the papers in the  
reading room - I shall find one in  
my bedroom somewhere next I suppose.  
On Friday I went over Prince's Bridge and  
the Wharves - and saw Burns as to my  
regret - After this in the morning I went  
through the reading rooms of the Public  
Library - In the afternoon I dropped into  
the Waxworks just above the Tavern.  
Abe Lincoln is here - a good likeness  
but looking too young - There is a great  
collection of worthies and unworthies. One  
of the attractions of the place is a splendid  
mechanical organ - Wouldn't the Kinchins  
of Rosebanks be impressed? I spent the  
evening again with Gill and had a long  
push not getting back to town till past  
midnight. I began to feel unwell this evening.  
Symptoms of cold and diarrhoea. On  
Saturday morning these symptoms were still  
hanging about - Saw from the Windows  
of the Tavern the 8 hours Union procession  
about a mile long - 30 banners and  
9 bands. This with the endless crowds in  
the streets formed a spectacle quite new to me.  
The weather was unpropitious. It rained on  
Friday night and a little on Saturday morning.  
A fogger in this immense Tavern, a Mr Ramsey  
from Newcastle, prevailed on me to go with

him to leave early in the afternoon. A meeting of the Vic. Amateur Golf Club was held. The attendance was not large. There was much bookmaking about. These afforded me plenty of amusement. Among the fraternity I noticed Luckman, the magic lantern advertiser in Hobart. He was doing something on the localisator principle, and shouting out in a surprising bass voice that "If wagers are laid here. If a horse is scratched your money is returned". A storm of rain swept the course during the last race, and a rush was made for the station. When I got back to town I felt very queer - and I could not go to the International Fair at the Exhibition where the living chess was to be reproduced. I had to go to bed about 7 o'clock after getting some phlegm complaint - a dose of influenza of the real old sort - and diarrhoea. A chambermaid, a ~~nice~~ nice looking girl with a particularly agreeable voice, doctored me up a bit for which ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> was very thankful. "I was not in our hours of ease &c". I was not at all fitted to go out on Sunday, but I dragged myself out, and made for the Unitarian Chapel. A good congregation assembled here, comfortably filling the place. Mr. Webster officiated. The service was the ninth service, with hymns 283, 295

24/076

COFFEE TAVERNS CO. LD.  
PROPRIETORS.

The Melbourne Coffee Tavern.

89 BOURKE STREET EAST.

Melbourne

188

and 300. The singing of the choir was well worth hearing. A young dark fellow who sang an anthem solo had a fine baritone. Mr. Webster preached from Psalm 118 v 26. on the Unitarian theory of Salvation - She ~~used~~ <sup>applied</sup> the word "comical" to poor old Calvin's idea. The sermon was not much, but was clear headed and refined. After the service was over I stuck her up. She did not know me at first, as I expected, but I speedily brought her memory back - She informs me she is going to England in about 2 months and proposes to stay there for 2 years. Her health is good - she does not go on account of that. She gave me her address (Albert Park) and desired me to call upon her. Notwithstanding I felt so queer I fulfilled the engagement I had made with Walter on Friday to dine with him, and took train for Malvern at 1. p.m. On the way down I met Fred Jolly who was very glad to see me, and wished me to see him again - I returned from Walter's by an early train in the evening, feeling quite

wretched and ill. Lots of places are  
open here of a Sunday. I noticed  
pubs and cafes, ~~Tobacco~~ and  
Smokers - This Tavern is a lively  
place. When I returned on Sunday  
evening it was brilliantly lighted  
up, with bars going (is a Temperance)  
shop of course and pianos playing -  
The Smoking and Chess Rooms were  
tenanted by a lot of fellows, some  
printing away in German, playing chess  
and draughts and smoking like ~~burners~~ <sup>burners</sup>.  
I again retired to bed soon after arrival  
but passed a better night than the  
previous one which was a caution.  
I am better this morning, but have scarcely  
my appetite, and feel faint and feverish!  
I went over ~~Loes~~ <sup>Loes</sup> Book Arcade this morning  
and also visited the rooms of the Melbourne  
Chess Club, at the Lily ~~Club~~ Hotel in Collins  
St. ~~They are~~ <sup>They are</sup> rather a close low browed  
apartment and not a patch on the one  
we got up for Hobart. I left my card at  
the Australasian office for Wisker and  
he sent me a note that he had called  
twice to see me and would come at 5  
this afternoon. I do wish I was better.  
There is so much to see and do, that  
I have hardly done more than survey  
the outworks at present.



In this letter I have done little more than give you a mere <sup>summary</sup> chronicle of my proceedings during the last few days. You will not I know conclude from that that I have not a good deal to say about the various things I have alluded to. The fact is a letter such as this is too short a medium to put such <sup>much</sup> more into. By and by I shall say more fully of these.

I trust, old fellow you are well and happy. I know you will be the latter if possible but the former is not always so accessible. When I was lying in bed on Saturday night, noting the passage of time by the 'chimes' of the Post office clock, I was picturing to myself what the boys were doing in the University and feeling how much I would give to be wafted there. For two short hours! You will, of course, inform them of this letter, and convey my affectionate greetings to the Father, and Willie and Dobbie. Present my regards to Mrs G and tell her that nothing yet has happened in the emotional way worthy of comment; but then I haven't had a chance yet.

I mentioned in a letter I have written that there was a likelihood

of my going into the office of  
Klingender Charley and Jackson, the  
form with whom Gill was before  
he left for Sydney. I shall most  
likely interview them in a day or  
two.

Kindly remember me to Miss S  
and your people. I hope they are  
all well. Also remember me to Ray  
and tell him I'll write him shortly.  
I gave his letter to Gill. I have not  
seen your Brother Fred yet.

Don't forget to send me a line  
or two touching upon Kings which  
you know will interest me. I am  
hungry for news.

Dear George I hope to be in better  
form when I next write you, and  
if this is a poor letter you will forgive  
me. Believe me,

Your affectionate friend  
O. L. Norton